

Lunenburg. May 7. 1847.

Dear David

I cannot thank you enough for your letters. Two of February date have just reached me. The last one mentions the death of a sailor and your hopes of one or two other persons that they have found the way of peace. It must be the highest sort of satisfaction when the Spirit seals your ministry. I have not yet seen your paper but expect it when I return to Boston day after tomorrow. I am here upon one of the Worcester hills, within ten miles of the New Hampshire line, at the Country seat of Mr Savage and rejoicing in a few days vacation and the spring. Our task is not yet done by several weeks. It has proved a very severe one. The Report will occupy two folios of 1000 pages, perhaps less, with at least 500 engravings, without the fossils. It will be finished in a month or so and presented to the Legislature in the fall. One or two years must then elapse before it can be published. It is a very complete affair for a reconnaissance of so vast a district, and will thoroughly establish Roger's reputation in Europe. David, it is a pleasant thing to help another to rise. The spirit of his ambition may not be the highest, but affords him great pleasure in the pursuit; then, to remove impediments, or to lighten the burdens of the way, is for another a real delight. My constant association with the man, not naturally an agreeable one, but greatly improved of late years by providential discipline, I do and by community of employment, but especially by this helping him on to fame on which his heart is fixed in spite of his experience and philosophy combined, I have come to entertain a real affection for him and unwittingly prepare myself a report in the future when his reputation shall be confirmed.

The Spring has hardly opened yet although the 7th of May. The birches begin to look red atop in spots among the pine and spruce woods which cover the Country as one looks in all directions toward the distant horizon. How it surprises one that New England is so much forest, marsh, lake or barren. How imperfect are our most careful Conceptions of any land in which we have not travelled? Who would have thought to find within 40 miles of the sterile Coast of Boston Bay so beautiful a Country as this! We rode to the Valley of the Nashua yesterday and were delighted with the views. The grand Monadnock rises far to the north, the Wachusett to the Southwest. Three wide valleys pour their waters eastward into those of the main Nashua on its way to the Merrimack.

Much of the Country is covered with woods. Large villages however stand on the tops of the hill slopes. The upland is covered with gigantic, innumerable boulders that have been swept across the valley from the north and lie stranded in the woods and fields. Just now the Anemones, first flowers of spring, cluster up from among the dry leaves of winter, putting us in mind of our immortality, and the arbutus stars glitter and send up odors from the tufts of grass. I had a fine horse, and became very happy, happier than any time all winter. The wind of the morning seems to follow through me like a chamber foul with the air of night, and to cleanse me of all aches; and the quiet of the world, here far from the Cities has the most soothing influence upon my wicked spirit, and recalls the feelings with which one reads Count Swedenborg's analysis of the condition of disembodied souls; being where they wish by force of desire; absent or present as they hate or love;

alone with God, and yet possessed of a half presence
with all things, in infinite solitude and infinite
society. How often your countenance floats in my
daydreams as I ramble round, or sit in the library;
how often too when at work over my crowded table, drawing
pictures or constructing vertical columns of corals,
and limestone. I hardly appreciate distance. I don't think
those who pass much of their time with mineral
things, in refugion, do. You seem to be as really
present as if at my elbow. Even more real, I don't
know why. I regret not to have written you often
but found it impossible. I have much to talk about
you know and dread beginning, especially when exhausted
by continuous writing on most unimportant topics. Yet
I look upon my writing work as "very important item
in my business of life. Something done, something material
and therefore (not shadowy as some would say, "tell me
not in mournful numbers that our life is but a dream")
but real. We make a grand mistake in forgetting the
present while consulting for the future. "Bread arising for
the morrow". None has done more to prove this, if proof
were needed, than I. I have ruined himself almost
irretrievably. (I may go yet quite,) broken my body and
my spirit and am hardly half a man. I thank you
heartily for your kind advice and will pursue it. I scarcely
think of anything now but how I may get rest. It occupies
all my thoughts. To marry, to settle in a country village,
to find gentle occupation and ^{the} means of doing a little
good, — compose my picture of the future. What a change
you proclaim. Yes. The horse is broke. I think of marrying
my Cousin, Allen's sister in law, but am deterred by

a strange dread of something I know not what. I understand
a single step; I have no energy to break through upon a new
world and encounter I know not what. Oh how blessed is
the man who knows how to consult the Oracle and take courage
with every step he makes in obedience to its commands.
How one sighs for personal intercourse with the Savior, not
so much our Master, as our Friend and - as you seem to love
to call him, Brother! Yet he has left his representative
with us, the Holy Paraclete, counsellor, comforter. I
confess I find it difficult to understand his language.
Yet upon any theory of divinity, upon any mode of un-
derstanding the person and presence, of the grace & power
or love and activity of God, there must be some per-
sonal, spiritual, "apparent" point of contact, and way
of approach, some "trysting place" when he meets his
creatures. To say it is in Christ, explains nothing;
to say it is through the Spirit, reveals only a truth
at present to us incomprehensible & therefore useless;
but when we are told to go into our closets and
pray to our Father, that must be the revelation of
the ultimate, practical fact which we want.
There is the trysting place; there we will have our
communion; Presided - apparently; but sure
not really so. It needs faith to believe it not to be.
Experience will probably prove it a true dialogue.
You told me once, I now feel true, that we have
no evidence of the presence of a Holy Ghost. We must
believe it simply from its being revealed. Yet some may
be so inspired as to recognise another being, just as
some are so insane as to be conscious of two natures in
conjunction with their body, & at conflict.

May 7. This has been a day of Charming Dissipation. An increase of our party arrived from Boston bringing your missing November letters n^o 6 & 7. in which you speak of your 27th birthday and the thoughts, reflecting on the past, and resolutions for the future, to which it suggested. They did not associate happily with a day given up wholly to pleasure. We all went off to Fitchburg and the Pearl Mountain, enjoyed the noble view from the granite cliffs that crown the Summit, plucked lots of trailing arbutus buds and flowers, and raced home like two Carriage loads of maniacs. R. delayed in Boston to receive a friend by the Liverpool Steamer which brought no news more interesting than the 15 days passage! of the Ship Jamestown to Cork, and Forbes' reception there by the grateful Irish. His cargo of provision will be a godsend to the Starving. To think of the rascal merchants of New York loading their own ships instead of the loaned Macedonians and charging freight on the beneficence of their ~~Americans~~ own countrymen to starving thousands of belts. When will the day of thunder come? It seemed as if God blew the Jamestown across the Atlantic with his own mouth. Blessings on the heart of man when God has made it good, and infinite blessings on the love of God our dear savior!

No ships seem to sail any more from Boston. I can't send you anything. When I go to New York I'll make up a bundle and leave it with E. B. Esq. I'd send you one every month if I could. Mrs. White wrote me the other day after some trouble with a sprained foot. She is at her brother's. She writes me almost every week and keeps me busy in acknowledging rec^t. I don't know that I could make her lot any more comfortable if I were settled near her, for she makes friends everywhere and seems very happy even while mourning for you. By your never mentioning her in your letters to me, I suppose you write at least as often, and I hope often, to her. Her life is essentially parasitic and you must remember that you are her oak. If she were not a Christian, her spiritual

Andrius taking hold of ^{stout} branches high in heaven, her parasitism would be her ruin. As it is, what with her leaning and creaky props, despite her headaches, she gets on fine; at least I judge so from her letters. She says that Caroline has gone home from Virginia, of which you will be apprised by letters from home. I wish much to see Colechester on my way home, but fear I cannot accomplish it. Your journal is there, I shall find means to see it. Your paper has not come to hand, am very impatient to read it. We overflow with the good helps you need so much and how shall we get them to you. The very castaway from country pillages would enrich Valparaiso, in the way of tracts & newspapers & religious and useful books.

Henry J Davis is married and has taken a little farm on Long Island for three years. He has married a good wife I trust, your sister, Caroline Vandoren, and will have to scratch hard to get along. If I mistake not, you will return to find him improved. Have not seen him for six months. Have no news of any else who you know. Saw sister several weeks ago; she is settled in health and has two fine children. I have another ^{new} niece in Delaware. Allen is settled as Doctor in Brooklyn.

I am glad you give me analyses of your persons, (I shall do the same when I begin to write mine); they let me know your habits of thinking out the Word. "More old school, more new school?" I understand you. More individual, more yourself, less disposed "to swear by another's words", more healthy; good. It means more than all that; it means more soundly theoretical, also more usefully practical. It will do to be either old or new school exclusively. But whatever a man is, if he is what he is, and not what he thinks he ought to be, he is on a fairer road than if he rides a creed with hair erect. His own creed he must ride. It must be a Chameleon however; of the heavenly breed, of course, not the earthly. Men, Christians should grow like flowers; in obedience, each to his own share of the sun and wind. Some flowers are blue, some white, some have their heads, some stand erect; all are beautiful. Let us thank our Father that you are not I, nor I you, though we love each other.